

Our Dumb Animals!

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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TWO FRIENDS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

If President Roosevelt shall act wisely and study to promote peace and good will among nations, he may accomplish vast good for our country and the world, and go down to posterity side by side with Washington and Lincoln. What he has done already towards a treaty of peace between Russia and Japan is a long step in the right direction. Let him add to this a proposition to the great European powers to join with us in an agreement to build no more warships during the next three or five years, and he may not only save us and all the European

powers who sign the agreement millions of dollars of taxation, but also have done much for which the world will have reason to be grateful.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHEN WE VISITED EUROPE.

When we visited Europe in 1869 it was with definite plans for the prevention of wars, the promotion of peace and the humane education of the youth of all nations, for the prevention of cruelty both to human beings and the creatures we call dumb. These plans were fairly

stated in the following closing words of our report to the international Convention at Zurich, Switzerland, to which we were the only American delegate:

"Our Society is now striving to unite all religious and political parties on one platform for the purpose of carrying a humane literature and education into all the schools of the country, and thus not only insure the protection of animals, but also the prevention of crime, unnecessary wars and forms of violence. *When the leading minds of all nations shall act together on this subject, and the nations shall be humanely educated, wars between nations will end.*"

To aid in carrying out these plans we took a letter from the mayor of Boston, under the great seal of the city, to the mayors of all foreign cities; another from Gov. Claflin, then governor of Massachusetts, under the great seal of the commonwealth, to all foreign officials; and another from Hamilton Fish, secretary of state at Washington, to all American consuls.

We had no difficulty (as all the readers of our Autobiographical Sketches know) in laying our plans before the Royal Society and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her friends, and it was arranged that we should have letters from Prince Bonaparte at London to the Emperor Napoleon at Paris, which would have given us the opportunity to lay our plans before both the Emperor and the Empress Eugenie. The Emperor had declared publicly "*the empire means peace,*" and we wanted to say to him that if he would propose to the leading powers of Europe to disarm a certain equal percentage of their respective armies, employing those disarmed in some useful public work, it seemed to us that one of

two things must happen—either his proposition would be accepted and he would have in all future history the credit of having inaugurated this great movement, or it would be rejected, in which case he would have the almost equally great honor of having attempted its inauguration. But our plans failed here. France was right on the verge of war with Germany, which resulted in the capture of Paris and the dethronement and death of the Emperor.

President Roosevelt is now in a position where any proposition he may choose to make in regard to great questions relating to peace or war between nations will have respectful consideration throughout the civilized world. GEO. T. ANGELL.

HARVARD'S GREAT CELEBRATION.

With the President of the United States as one of its graduates, Harvard has had a great commencement celebration this year, and as one of its University Law School students, we suppose we are entitled to our share of its glory. The only trouble seems to have been that, having exhausted all its alphabetical honors on President Roosevelt long ago, it had nothing left to give him. When a German sailor prince travelled over our country a few years ago, day and night, with tremendous speed, and Harvard made him an LL.D. (Doctor of Laws), it seemed to us more appropriate that he should have received the degree of F.D. (Flying Dutchman); but Harvard overseers knew better, and so have since received from the Kaiser some very valuable presents, in addition to the statue of Frederick the Great, which now stands at Washington to encourage our American youth to imitate his royal example. So it seemed to us that in consideration of President Roosevelt's wonderful ability to address successfully so many and so different audiences, it might be proper for Harvard to create another degree of D.O. (Doctor of Oratory). And here occurs to us the question: Why not, with Doctors of Laws, of Divinity, of Philosophy and various others, have also Doctors of Humanity? Personally, we do not care for any such title, as we have already plenty of diplomas, certificates of honorary membership, etc., from American, European and other societies in various countries; but many younger men in our colleges and elsewhere might be rightly stimulated by a prospect of becoming Doctor of Humanity, and it seems to us that it would be quite as honorable to be the wife or children of a Doctor of Humanity as of any of the doctors above-specified.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SOUTHWESTERN EDITOR THINKS WE SHOULD BE SEVERELY PUNISHED FOR DARING TO TELL OUR PRESIDENT HIS FAULTS.

Many years ago we were of counsel for the suffering wife of one of Boston's rich men, who, by one of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated in Massachusetts, had contrived to confine her in an insane asylum, from which we finally secured her release and a separate maintenance. At the time, our summer home was at Marblehead and we sailed, almost every evening, in and out of the harbor, and one day when we brought out very clearly the deviltries of this rich

man, he expressed the wish that we might be sunk at the bottom of Marblehead harbor. The editor of a weekly paper in the southwest, which we do not remember to have seen before, thinks that in daring to tell the President of his faults we committed a crime for which we should be severely punished. He does not suggest that we should be sunk at the bottom of Marblehead harbor or even, according to the theory of Prof. Osler, be chloroformed, but he would have us in some way severely punished. We forgive our esteemed contemporary for the same reason that a Roman Catholic servant-girl thought that her employer, a lord-bishop of the English Church, might be saved. He said to her one day, "I suppose, Bridget, that you think that I, as a Protestant and a heretic, will be finally lost." "Oh no, sir," said she, "I doesn't think you will be lost, sir." "Why not, Bridget, why not? How can I, a Protestant and a heretic, be saved?" "Because of your *ignorance*, sir," was Bridget's reply. Our esteemed contemporary in the southwest did not know that our President is a member of the Harvard branch of a college fraternity⁸, the Dartmouth chapter of which we founded more than fifteen years before he was born, and that more than thirty years ago we became a member of another greater fraternity, bearing on its membership roll the name of George Washington, which our President has recently joined and which ought to have a vast influence in promoting peace between nations and lessening the cost of great armies and navies now maintained for the purpose of killing each other, and that it was eminently proper that we should tell our brother in a way calculated to attract his attention, of things which may prove of vast benefit not only to himself but also, through his matured influence, to our country and the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WASHINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The superintendent of the Washington public schools, in ruling our May issue out of the Washington public schools because of our attack upon President Roosevelt's western hunting trip, has rendered an incalculable service to our humane cause. Probably the editors of nearly all the newspapers in America north of Mexico, to whom our paper goes every month, and a considerable number of editors elsewhere, have had their thoughts called to the subject of shooting, wounding and killing simply for fun, and have editorially said and published more or less in relation to it. If this action of the Washington school superintendent shall result in converting President Roosevelt and his friend, the Kaiser Wilhelm, to our view of the matter, it will be one of the grandest movements of the present age toward the promotion of peace on earth and good will to every creature, and we shall have done a friendly act to the President in helping to send him down to posterity with the kind remembrances that will in all future ages preserve the name and fame of President Abraham Lincoln.

He is not our best friend who tells us only of our virtues and never a word of our faults. Some years ago we knew a prominent Boston editor (a bachelor), who, being some-

what advanced in years, thought it desirable to color his white whiskers, the result being that most of the time, as everyone could see, they were purple, but nobody told him until we thought it our duty to do so. Being a sensible man, the dyeing of his whiskers ended at once, to the great satisfaction of many people who ought to have told him before but were afraid of giving offence.

In regard to the shooting, wounding and killing of live creatures for fun, there has been a vast progress in public opinion since our college days. We very well remember how fifty or more Dartmouth College students concluded to devote a day to hunting, the side that shot the least game to pay for a supper. And so the young men went out with shot-guns to shoot birds, squirrels and other live creatures they came across, without the slightest thought of the sufferings of the creatures they killed and wounded. We think that in our colleges now such shooting would be considered an outrage. In our own personal case, we remember being induced, when in college, to buy a small rifle and then go out, as the Kaiser Wilhelm is in the habit of doing, to shoot something. We had not a thought that there could be anything wrong about it. Presently we found a woodchuck lying quietly at the entrance of his hole, enjoying life and the sunshine. We shot him, then went and carefully examined his body and then began to think, and the more we thought the worse it seemed. We sold our rifle and have never shot any living thing from that time to this, and never intend to, unless in defence of our home it may be necessary to shoot a burglar.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From "Forest and Stream.")

HUNTING.

We find an interesting article in *Forest and Stream* in regard to the ruling out of the Washington public schools the May issue of our paper. The writer, who has hunted and killed many animals for sport, has changed his views and questions the moral right of any man to kill without necessity living creatures. He says that man is the only wanton, malicious, cold-blooded murdering animal on earth. To attempt to exalt sheer ferocity into manly virtue is absurd; the primitive man who fought the cave bear with a club or an ax was a brave fellow, but to pretend that there is great danger in hunting wild beasts with modern weapons is a humbug. Of what avail are the strength and courage of the king of beasts against a stream of bullets poured into him from a high power repeater? The big game hunter to-day exaggerates the perils of his sport and assumes the heroic pose to cover the brutality and cowardice of his butchery.

The above, in *Forest and Stream*, indicates a thought on the shooting, wounding and killing of animals *simply for the fun of shooting, wounding and killing them* which through the comments of thousands of newspapers all over our country and elsewhere, on the Washington school superintendent's action, is likely to influence millions of minds which have never given thought to the subject before, and it may result in preventing any future Kaiser from shooting thousands of animals for fun and having a monument erected to commemorate his cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WILD WINGS.

This beautiful book, recommended by President Theodore Roosevelt, and containing 342 pictorial illustrations, brings before us on this hot July day happy thoughts of the forests, the ocean and the seashore, and this is what our book critic says about it:

"Wild Wings," by Herbert K. Job, is well worth reading. Beautifully illustrated by the author with photographs, it describes in a vivid, intensely interesting manner his adventures along the eastern coast of North America in unfrequented regions for the purpose of studying birds in their natural environments, with ever increasing love for his pursuits.

It is very strongly humane in sentiment, emphasizing the fact which he has learned from experience, that the pleasures of the camera greatly exceed those of the shot-gun, commanding the setting apart of bird haunts in breeding-time for the preservation of species, and strongly condemning the practice of killing birds to obtain their plumage for use in millinery arts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NOT SPORTSMANLIKE.

A Boston gentleman familiar with (so-called) sport, both in this country and England, says that going out with the present deadly firearms and a large pack of dogs to attack one of the ordinary kinds of bears would not be considered by either English or American sportsmen to be sportsmanlike, there being no more risk about it (except to the dogs) than there would be in going out to shoot cows or other domestic animals.

(From the Springfield Republican, May 21, 1905.)

NO SYMPATHY WITH BEAR-KILLING.

To the Editor of the Republican:

As at least one citizen of our country, I want to express my dissent from the statement of a religious newspaper last week, that "the entire country has been following with sympathetic interest" President Roosevelt's hunting trip after bears in Colorado. My "sympathetic interest" is with the bears, not with any person, president or meanest poacher, who goes out to kill any wild animal in mere sport. In past ages it was doubtless necessary to slay many of them for safety and, as the butcher now does with tame ones, for food. But, except with a few of the more ferocious kinds, that thing, even as a necessity, has almost entirely gone by, at least in our own land. The danger now is largely the other way, the danger of having whole species exterminated, which to the zoologist, the evolutionist and the lover of Nature, as well as sometimes to the agriculturist, are of the utmost "sympathetic interest."

So far as sport and recreation are concerned, how can any cultivated man find them in inflicting pain on any creature, and in taking away what in the lower orders is their one most precious possession, that of life? What is the pleasure thus found but a remnant of the old savagery in our race whose exhibition and indulgence are peculiarly inappro-



TURNSTONES AND SANDPIPERs.

[From "Wild Wings," written by Herbert K. Job, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

priate in the representative of a great civilized people? Darwinian evolution has shown that we are all members of one larger earth-family; that all life is one, all a spark of the Infinite Life; and to take it needlessly from the lowliest animal—what is it but a sin less only in degree than that of taking it from man?

There is no manliness in such sport. To have sport manly there must be some equality between the participants, some element of risk on each side, and some willingness on each side to take the risk. Even the street urchins cry out against the boy who assails one of their number without provocation who is not his match. But what equality is there between the President of the United States, on the one side, armed with a repeating rifle that he did not invent or make, and protected with a retinue of dogs and cowboys, and on the other side a solitary bear, armed only with his teeth and limbs? If the President wants to do the real, manly thing, even under the ethics of sport, let him leave his rifle behind, and go out alone and try conclusions with the bear in a breast to breast hug, or at any rate go out with only such weapons as by his wits and skill he himself has made.

The bear is a specially inappropriate animal to select for killing in mere sport. He is largely a vegetarian, is timid and clumsy, and rarely attacks man except in self-defence.

Worst of all is the influence of the President's example in sanctioning and encouraging that slaughter of other animals throughout the country that our humane societies are trying so hard to diminish. It may seem a far cry from the groan of a wounded bear out in Colorado over its bullet wound to the groan of the Massachusetts people over the ravages of the browntail and gypsy moths; but there is a very direct connection between them. The immigrant Italian boy who cannot go out to Colorado and kill a bear, reads the President's exploits in the newspapers and is moved the more to what he can do and already has such a tendency to do, and that is go out into the woods at home and kill a bird. And every bird killed means not only so much less song in our groves, but so many more insects ravaging our orchards and ornamental trees—means, too, by the cruelty it encourages, so much more violence in our streets and murderer in our homes. Oh, Mr. President, how vastly better to direct your energies, all of them, against the bears and bulls of Wall street preying on human lambs and against the ravenous trusts everywhere that are preying on the vitals of the republic, and let alone the poor creatures out in Colorado prey-

ing on berries, and at the worst only now and then on some other wild beast!

Such are some of the reasons why at least one American has not followed our chief executive "with sympathetic interest" for himself in his hunting trip at the West, or to paraphrase Cowper's famous lines a little—why

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though honored with the Presidential chair,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly goes out to shoot a bear.

JOHN C. KIMBALL.
Greenfield, May 16, 1905.

There is another thought in connection with this matter of shooting bears, and that is, whether it may not be a wise provision of Divine Providence that the smaller wild animals, when they have become old and sick and are liable to die of starvation, should be mercifully destroyed by the larger. We have read, first and last, a good deal advocating the belief that the smaller animals suffer very little when attacked and destroyed by the larger.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE TOOTINGS OF AUTOMOBILES.

Years ago, before the organization of the Animal Rescue League, hundreds and probably thousands of our citizens were kept awake more or less nights by the discourses of wandering cats which, sitting on the sidewalks or the backyard walls, told other cats and a wide circle of human listeners of their joys and sorrows. Large quantities of old shoes, glass bottles and other missiles were hurled at these night disturbers of human sleep, but under the efficient administration of the Animal Rescue League the number of wandering cats has been greatly diminished; but now, in place of them, come the nightly tootings of automobile horns. A single careless automobilist passing through our residential streets between ten p.m. and midnight may break the sleep of a hundred sick and well people who are in great need of rest. It will not answer to throw old shoes and glass bottles at them and they cannot be mercifully chloroformed, and yet

their tootings may be as bad for sleepers and as unjustifiable as it would be for a hack-driver to hitch a cowbell onto each one of his horses and go jogging through the streets to the accompaniment of their unmelodious music. What can be done to stop these tootings?

We think that in the residential streets of our cities automobiles should not be permitted after ten p. m. to travel faster than hacks and other carriages, and they should be required to make as little noise. The sooner a city ordinance requiring this to be done can be enacted the better it will be for all those who are in danger of being exposed to much suffering from these nightly tootings.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

We wish this poem could be printed in every paper and recited to the pupils in every school and on the stage of every theatre in America:

THE CATTLE ON OUR WESTERN PLAINS.
Belted cowboys rode like Centaurs, when October gayly dressed
Crossed the prairies, rounding cattle for the ranchmen of the West.
From the plains and from the hillside, from the deep and wide ravine,
From the trees near distant brooklets, where yet lived a trace of green.

Cows of many brand and lineage, cattle black and white and red,
Startled by the whip and halloo from their haunts in terror fled.
Wild the racings o'er the prairies ere at length corralled they stand—
Where deep-set in trembling muscle they receive the owner's brand.

Some are set aside (the plump ones), in the markets to be slain,
All the rest, to live or perish, are turned loose upon the plain.
Thirty millions head of cattle by the Western ranchmen freed.
Forced to wander o'er the ranges for **ten millions** scant indeed.

Greed of man increased their number till far more upon the range
Than the desert could give herbage, wandered dumb and wild and strange;
Cold the winds of autumn blowing o'er each ill-fed, shrinking form,
Seeking for a ray of sunlight or a shelter from the storm.

Later, trailing over prairies, lonely, homeless, cold and drear,
Thirst and hunger ever with them, *Famine stalking in the rear.*
Fiercer grew the winds of winter, soon they huddled head to head,
While the blizzard held its revel o'er the dying and the dead.

From the milk-white gloom around them, icy, stinging needles poured;
Nature, reckless, blind in fury, shrieking, while the North-wind roared.
Night and darkness settled 'round them, Death and Hades held the power;
Cattle moaning, all forsaken, life-long anguish in one hour.

Oh, Thou Christ on Calvary dying, calling God with failing breath,
Thou whose heart broke whenst expiring, dost Thou feel Thy dumb one's death?
When that year-long night had vanished, Hell had called again its own,
And o'er wastes in white robes shrouded, misty beams of morning shone.

From far scattered mounds of corpses, *trembling, sad-eyed, few and weak,*
Crept the remnant of the cattle suffering what no tongue could speak.
Cold the earth and sky around them, friendless, homeless, hungry still;
Eating snow they dig for herbage, roaming without thought or will.

Eyes are blinded by the sunlight, cruel, shining on the snow—
One by one they fall and perish with no human heart to know.
Heaps of skin and bone so hopeless that the wolf-dog as he prowls
Scorns to touch (or is it pity), that he turns aside and howls?
Shamed perchance by man's indifference to the crime for Mammon wrought,
All her icy moods forgotten, nature shows repentant thought.
Tears were flowing on the lowlands when for Spring-time set the breeze,
Moanings like a soul in passing echoed through the budding trees.
Thrilling through the air of April whence this heartache, whence this pain?
Shades of cattle, trailing slowly, misty, sad-eyed, o'er the plain?
Hearts of men, to mercy waken! Let your tears God's pardon crave!
And these cruel arts forsaken, from her shame our country save!

(MRS.) ETTA D. MORRIS,
Coon Rapids, Iowa.

A TERRIBLE RAILROAD COLLISION.

In our morning paper of July 6th we read of a terrible collision of two heavily loaded freight trains on the Fitchburg railroad which ran into each other head on a couple of miles beyond Fitchburg, resulting in the death of both engineers and one of the firemen, the wounding of several others, with a property loss of about \$40,000, the cause as at present appears being the gross carelessness of somebody, perhaps of one of the men now dead. This is only one of hundreds of railroad fatalities caused by carelessness and it leads us to republish the following which appeared in our May issue:

In our April issue we gave statistics showing that in the year ending last June four hundred and twenty passengers were killed, and eight thousand and seventy-seven injured on our railroads, and the number of railroad employees killed during the same year was three thousand three hundred and sixty-seven, and that these numbers vastly exceed those of any other country in the world. We suggested as a remedy that each of our railroad corporations should have an estimate made of about the annual cost of accidents, and put that sum, with perhaps some addition, into an accident fund, all of which remaining at the close of each year should be divided *pro rata* among all the employees, upon whose care and fidelity should depend the safety of the property and persons exposed to these accidents; and that boxes should be placed in the principal depots, into which all employees should be requested to drop, either signed or unsigned, all communications they might think of value to the road. This, of course, would lead every employee not only to be more careful himself but more watchful of all others; and if any man by reason of overwork or sickness, either of himself or family, or other cause, should be rendered temporarily or permanently less capable of performing his duties with proper carefulness, the master would be brought at once to the attention of the corporation.

Some years ago the captain of one of the great Cunard steamers, who had just been married, asked permission to take with him on the next voyage his wife. The Cunard Company most cheerfully assented, but when the ship got outside of Liverpool the captain found that he and his wife were to be honored passengers during the voyage, while another captain was to command the ship.

If the heads of our great railroad corporations would take as much pains as that to protect their own property and the lives of their passengers and employees, we should not read that in the United States in a single year four hundred and twenty passengers and three thousand three hundred and sixty-seven employees had lost their lives in railroad accidents, in addition to the eight thousand and seventy-seven passengers and a vast number of employees injured.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We wish all our railroad presidents would read this article.

THIS REPUBLIC.

Carl Schurz's Address at the University of Wisconsin:

"This republic should stand as the gentleman par excellence among nations—a gentleman scorning the role of the swashbuckler whose hip pockets bulge with loaded six-shooters and who flashes big diamonds on his fingers and shirt front; a gentleman modest in the consciousness of strength and carrying justice, forbearance and conciliation on his tongue and benevolence in his hand, rather than a chip on his shoulder. If this republic is to endure and be successful in its highest mission, it must put its trust rather in schools than in battleships."

THE RUSSIAN CONSCRIPTION.

All the ways are loud with weeping;
Upward to the sky
Goes the wail of wives and mothers,
For the doomed to die.
All the ways are loud with marching:
Through the land of slaves
Goes the tramp of sons and husbands,
Downwards to their graves.

Mother, mother, who is moaning,
Moaning through the night?
'Tis the children who are calling,
Trembling with affright.
Mother, mother, where is father?
Now we heard him groan;
And, in dreams, we saw him lying
Wounded, and alone.

Children, children, cease your calling,
Let me weep and pray,
Till the long and weary darkness
Brings the cruel day.
Children, you have lost your father:
He was forced afar,
Doomed to die in bloody battle,
By the Russian Czar.

BERTRAND SHADBELL,

Boston Evening Transcript, May 17.

WAR IS HELL.

An article in the *Boston Herald* of July 19th, on the crimes committed by German troops in China and by American troops in the Philippines, reminds us of General Sherman's declaration that war is hell, which we wish might be taught, as it ought to be, in every school of every civilized nation of the entire world.

THE JULY NUMBER OF THE "ADVOCATE OF PEACE."

On one of the hottest days of July comes to our table the July number of the *Advocate of Peace*, most ably edited by our good friend, Benjamin F. Trueblood, LL.D., secretary of the American Peace Society. We have just listened to its leading articles, for which we can find no more suitable name than "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and our thoughts go out to the broad room on Beacon Street, looking out on our Boston Common, in which President Eliot of Harvard University was born, and where these articles were probably written. He bears himself a name singularly appropriate—the kind words he speaks of President Roosevelt's action in endeavoring to bring about peace between Russia and Japan are deserving the careful thought of all good American citizens—and the picture he sets before us in his second editorial, of the terrible battle between the navies of Russia and Japan, deserves to be read and thought over by the good men and women of all nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A JEALOUS BURRO.

At the Falls of the Seven Sisters in the South Cheyenne Canon, in Colorado, there is a photographer who is the happy possessor of the now aged burro formerly owned by Helen Hunt Jackson. About six hundred feet above the highest of these falls is a charming spot which the gifted writer named Inspiration Point, and where she spent much of her time when writing. She was accustomed to riding up there on a white burro named Dick. This little animal has long outlived its mistress and its usefulness, but he is still held in great honor, and tourists and children are permitted to have their pictures taken while sitting on his back.

At the photographer's galleries there was an insignificant little brown donkey tied to one arm of the settee, while historic old Dick was tied to the other. As soon as I heard Dick's history I sat down on the settee and tried to make friends with him, but he resented my advances, laid back his ears, braced his feet, and resisted with all his might my efforts to draw him to me. So I gave up and turned to the other one. He was already to be petted; laid his head on my shoulder, shut his eyes and looked a picture of contentment.

In a moment I felt a nudge at my arm, and turning around I saw old Dick close beside me. I looked at him in astonishment, and he gave me another nudge with his nose. All the contrariness was gone from his face and he had a most pleading expression. I glanced at the photographer and saw that he was watching and laughing.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "Dick is jealous and wants you to pet him, too."

"But I tried to do so first, and he would not let me," I replied.

"That is the way he does," said the photographer. "He won't allow any one to make of him until he sees the other one getting attention, then he changes his mind and wants some of the petting also."

I immediately forgave the little fellow his former coldness and he assumed the attitude of his rival. As I sat there with a burro's head on each shoulder, we were three happy comrades, and I shall always regret that I did not have a picture taken at that moment.

ABBIE L. WEEKS,
11 Beacon Street, Boston.

A SCENE IN ROME.

Extract from "Roba Di Roma."

BY W. W. STORY.

The church, too, takes animals under its protection, and on the day dedicated to Sant' Antonio a celebration takes place which is characteristic, and, to my mind, full of humanity and good feeling, and calculated to produce a good effect on the people. This is the annual blessing of animals which takes place on the 17th of January, when all the horses, mules and donkeys in Rome are taken to the church of Sant' Antonio to receive a benediction. The doors are thrown wide open, and the church and altar are splendid with candles, and the crowd pours in and out to see the pictures and make the sign of the cross. The priest stands at the door, and, with a broom dipped in holy water, sprinkles the animals as they pass in



OLD DICK, THE WHITE BURRO.

procession before him, and gives them his benediction. All the horses in Rome are there, from the common hack to the high-bred steed of the prince; some adorned with glittering trappings, some covered with scarlet cloth and tinsel, with red roses at each ear, and tufts and plumes of gay feathers nodding at their heads. The donkeys come too, and often bray back their thanks to the priest. But see, there is a rustle in the crowd—who comes now? It is Gaetano, coachman of Prince Piombino, and prince of coachmen, mounted on an open car, and driving his magnificent team of fourteen horses with an easy skill which provokes the plaudits of the crowd. Up he comes, the people opening before him, and, triumphantly receiving his benediction, passes on gallantly and sweeps around into the great Piazza of Sta. Maria Maggiore, followed by the eyes of all. And here, too, are the great black horses of the cardinals, with their heavy trappings and scarlet crests, lumbering up with their luxuriant coaches all glittering with golden carving, to receive the blessing of Sant' Antonio. All honor to thee, good saint, who blesseth, in thy large charity, not man alone, but that humble race who do his work and bear his burdens, and murmur not under his tyrannical inflictions—that inarticulate race who suffer in patient silence "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!" Thy effigy shall be hung upon my stable-walls, as it is in every stable in Rome.

OLE BULL.

When Ole Bull, the great musician who more than any other artist, made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph (for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy)—when this great musician—in a room looking off upon

the sea, surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death the world mourned his departure. Sixteen crowded steamers fell into the line of his funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland.

Fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills, and it is said that when the great orator of the day began to speak, fifty thousand people on the hill-sides were in tears.

It was our privilege in the practice of our profession, the law, to transact legal business to some extent for Ole Bull, and we regarded him as about the most fascinating man we ever met.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS.

There's a wonderful country lying
Far off from the noisy town,
Where the wind flower swings,
And the song-bird sings,
And the tumbling brooks come down;—
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills;
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand rills,—
"Come away, away,
To the woods to-day,
To the heart of the happy hills."

Far away in that wonderful country,
Where the skies have deepest hue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distils;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.

Boston Transcript.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1905.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for
gratuitous distribution only can send us five
cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies,
or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We
cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one
year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper
will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society
sends this paper this month to the editors of
over twenty thousand newspapers and
magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable
charges for its use, but in emergency cases where
they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent
at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's
order, or upon that of a police officer or Society
agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us
subscriptions or remittances to examine our report
of receipts, which is published in each number of our
paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent
properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers
please write again, and on the envelope put the word
"Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read
only a small part of the letters received, and seldom
long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month **ninety-two** new branches of our Parent Band of
Mercy, making a total of **sixty-two thousand**
one hundred and thirteen.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of
Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the
kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes
above represented. They are very handsome—a white
star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell
them at bare cost, **five for ten cents**, in money or post
age stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We
cannot attend to smaller orders than **fives**.

FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the July meeting of the directors of the American
Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held
this morning, President Angell reported that the
Mass. Society's prosecuting agents had since last
month's report examined in the investigation of
cases 331 animals, taken 111 horses from work and
mercifully killed 114 horses and other animals; that
the Mass. Society had received during the month in
sums of over twenty dollars (\$20), \$1797.49, and the
American Humane Education Society \$2280, which
includes bequest of two thousand dollars (\$2000) from
the estate of Mrs. Harriet N. Hutchinson of Nashua,
New Hampshire; that the Bands of Mercy now number
62,113.

President Angell reported that the Mass. Society
had already distributed several hundred horse hats
and would have seven hundred more to be distributed
the next morning, July 20th, to those persons who
need them.

The following resolution was passed on the death of
Director Horne:

Resolved, that we most deeply regret
the death of our good friend Mr. William
M. Horne, a director of both our humane
societies, and we hereby extend to his
family and many friends our sympathy
and kind wishes in this great affliction,
trusting that he has gone from us to a
higher and happier existence.

WILLIAM M. HORNE.

It is with deep regret we are compelled to
announce the death on July 17th, in the
sixty-third year of his age, of Mr. William
M. Horne, a valuable director of both our
humane societies, a widely known and highly
respected Boston merchant, and an honest man.
We shall no more at our monthly
meetings have the pleasure of seeing his
cheerful face and receiving the warm grasp
of his hand. If the spirits of those who
have been interested in our humane work
shall be permitted hereafter to know and
communicate with each other, we are sure
that he will receive a kind welcome from
those who have gone before.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PROFESSOR EDWARD S. WOOD.

By the death of this eminent professor, Harvard
University and our community have lost not only
one of the most eminent chemists of our country, but
also an honest man, without fear and without
reproach, whose services could never be bought to testify
for the wrong against the right. When we were
carrying on our great crusade against the sale of
poisonous foods, drinks and medicines and other
poisonous and dangerous articles, we found chemists
whose services could be easily bought by great adulterating
firms and others to testify in their favor.
Among these we remember one who testified that
probably not much more than 2½ per cent. of the milk
sold in Boston was adulterated; the fact being that
probably not much more than 2½ per cent. of the milk
was pure, and hundreds, and probably thousands, of
babies died by reason of this adulteration. So another
chemist testified that there was really no liquor
sold in Boston which contained anything worse than
water, and when in the course of our investigations
we denounced in all Boston daily papers marbleized
cooking wares manufactured and sold by a great firm
in New York city, a prominent chemist certified that
the ware was perfectly harmless, and we were threatened
with a suit for damages of more than double the
amount of our property. Then Professor Wood came
to the rescue, and his verdict was, "alive with poison."
This caused the closing of the factory, the dis-
charge of the hands, and relieved us from the danger
of a law-suit. We have felt particularly grateful to
Professor Wood ever since, and are sorry that our
community has by his death lost the services of this
eminent and honest man.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MANY OF OUR READERS.

Many of our readers have seen in the Bos-
ton daily papers that our Massachusetts Soci-
ety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
has bought the house No. 31 Beacon Street,
which has been altered over for store and
office purposes, is largely let to good tenants
and considered a very safe investment.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

On this July 8th we received for our
American Humane Education Society two
thousand dollars from the estate of Mrs.
Harriet N. Hutchinson of Nashua, New
Hampshire. We have already received
various legacies from people residing in
northern and western states and have been
notified of various wills giving larger or
smaller sums to our American Humane Edu-
cation Society from people residing in
northern, western and southern states, all
of which tell us that our readers begin to
realize that our American Humane Edu-
cation Society is working not to carry hu-
mane education into Massachusetts alone,
but over our whole country and, so far as
possible, the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PROFESSOR HODGE OF CLARK
UNIVERSITY.

Several complaints have come to our
offices that Professor Hodge of Clark Uni-
versity has been setting traps baited with
catnip, for the purpose of catching cats;
also that he has been engaged in various
cruel vivisections. We have instructed our
very excellent agent at Worcester to care-
fully investigate these statements, and
would add that our Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
has a standing offer of a prize of one hun-
dred dollars for evidence which shall enable
the Society to convict any man in Massa-
chusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivi-
section.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HATS FOR HORSES.

We have in past years, for the purpose
of establishing the fashion, given away
some thousands of hats for horses. As
horse owners now know all about the ad-
vantages of it, and ninety or more horse
owners out of a hundred are abundantly
able to buy them, we decided this year to
give away some hundreds where we felt
assured they would do the most good, and
we have also a considerable number on
hand to give to those who are not able
to buy.

KIND LETTERS.

Among the kind letters coming to us from various
parts of our country, we are glad to receive the fol-
lowing from Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

AMERICAN FREE TRADE LEAGUE, 6 BEACON STREET,
ROOM 621, BOSTON, MASS., June 19, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I desire to express my admiration for your brave
and truthful utterances in *Our Dumb Animals*, and
think the exclusion of your paper from the Wash-
ington schools has set another gem in your diadem.
Long may you live to speak plain truths and defend
the rights of both dumb and human animals.

With very great respect,

Sincerely yours,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON,



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over sixty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Reading, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Games," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn,

A DOG'S
FUNERAL AT
THE HOSPICE
OF
ST. BERNARD.

He was only a dog but he had saved many lives, and when he gave his own life trying to save others, the good monks of St. Bernard Hospice buried him with honor.

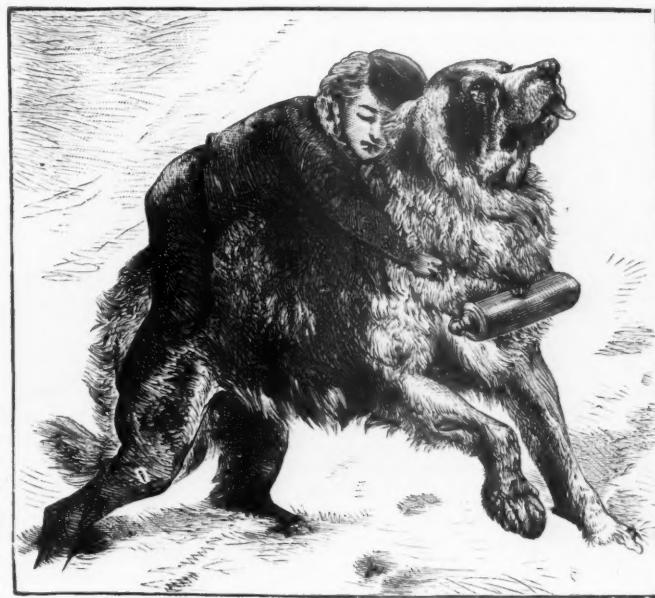
GENEVA,
May 24.

To-day the monks of St. Bernard Hospice sang a special Te Deum for a dog, the finest and bravest St. Bernard of all the life-saving forces that do battle with the eternal

snows and the deathlike cold of the Alpine peaks. They sang a Te Deum for a hero. And when the last sonorous note of the chant had droned and echoed and lost itself in the silence, every priest among them shed tears upon the body of Barry II., the martyr of the Alps.

Outside on the church steps, supported by a rough bier of fir branches, covered by a soft black pall and guarded by two cowled monks, lay the dog that had died while doing his duty. None of his human brothers ever died more nobly, for Barry II. died that three travellers might live. The travellers for whom he died attended the special service at the little chapel, and when it was done they helped with their own hands to bury the animal that had died to save them.

It was a fitting service for the dead St. Bernard who had saved thirty-four lives. Men, women and children whom he rescued from the menace of the snows and the perils of crevasses bless the memory of this wordless friend.



A DOG OF THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

THE WAYS OF REPORTERS.

The ways of reporters are sometimes past finding out. Some years ago we saw in one of our papers that Mr. Angell was seen riding across the beach from Lynn to Nahant in an overloaded barge drawn by two miserable horses, the fact being that we were up in the state of New Hampshire, and had been to Nahant only once during the summer, and then by steamer. The other day we saw that Mr. Angell, out of his kindness to horses, now rides only in automobiles, the fact being that he has never been in an automobile up to this date. And more recently we have seen in another paper that [probably on account of the absence of Mr. Angell from the city] somebody else was Acting-President of the M. S. P. C. A., all of which was all news to us and everybody in our offices. In the early history of Massachusetts an Indian came down to the little tavern in the town of Deerfield, and told the inn-keeper that for a bottle of rum he might have a deer which the Indian had shot and which he would find in a certain field and under a certain tree which he described, up on the mountain. The inn-keeper gave him the rum, harnessed up his team and went up the mountain. He found the field and the tree but didn't find the deer. Sometime afterwards the Indian came into the village again, and the landlord proposed to thrash him, but the Indian said, "Did you find the field?" "Yes." "And did you find the tree?" "Yes." "But you didn't find the deer?" "No." "Well, that's two truths to one lie and that's pretty good for an Indian."

(GEO. T. ANGELL.)

AN INSIDE WATCH-DOG.

The great facility given to criminals by noiseless bicycles and automobiles to travel any night over our country roads, commit crimes and get forty or more miles away before daylight, makes it most important for farmers and others living in isolated localities to have some means of being warned of danger, and the only way we are aware of is by keeping inside of all such exposed places watch-dogs which will promptly give alarm when danger is threatened. No police arrangement can begin to give the security given by a good inside watch-dog.

We find the following in the *Boston Herald* of June 27th:

"The enterprising burglar has adopted evening dress and the automobile, and now goes abounding like any gentleman of the road."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Mystic, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

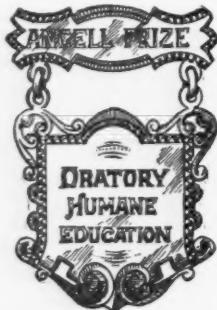
(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pit's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rownsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord' praise Him and magnify Him forever! What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!"

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added *military confinement* without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by *lead pipes* or *lead-lined tanks*.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through *galvanized iron pipes*.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a *tin can*.

(4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

CAT REFUSED TO DIE.

HOW AN INTELLIGENT PUSSY BALKED A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR'S LECTURE.

Students of one of the big universities in this city have a cat that has utterly refused to become a martyr to science. Its history is another instance of the refining and elevating influence of science.

Professor Blank asked J. P. Morgan, the janitor, to get a cat for him, as he wished to illustrate his lecture on "Respiration" by experiments upon the animal. Mr. Morgan succeeded in getting one with the aid of some small boys. When his students had assembled, the professor put the cat into the glass receiver of the air-pump and began to pump out the air. Before the piston had time to move more than once or twice the cat began to feel very uncomfortable, and discovering the aperture through which the air was escaping, put her foot on it, and thus corked the pipe and stopped the removal of the air.

Several subsequent attempts to carry on the experiments were alike ineffectual, for as soon as the glass cover was put over her and she felt the removal of the air, the cat would put her feet over the pipe and keep them pressed there.

The students, struck by the remarkable intelligence shown by the cat, asked the professor to liberate the animal, and loudly cheered her self-possession, when the cat, after coolly cleaning herself and smoothing her ruffled fur, jumped down and rubbed itself against the legs of the students sitting on the front bench. She is now permanently annexed to the college and an object of interest to all visitors.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

FEED-BAGS FOR HORSES.

Just try the experiment of holding a tight bag over your nostrils and the lower part of your face for half an hour or more on a hot July day and then think how a horse feels, which, after working hard in the heat, eats his dinner from a feed-bag that is often left on during his entire resting-time at noon.

GRASS FOR HORSES.

A friend sends us a statement purporting to come from a famous veterinary surgeon, that if men would give their horses grass when they are down or sick it would beat all the drugs in creation, for grass is to horses the same as fruits and fresh vegetables to us, and that because of the need of it they gnaw the barks of trees and eat leaves.

INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

An incident illustrative of the intelligence of a horse and of the attachment he may have for his home and for other horses he has been raised with, is told of the family driving-horse belonging to Judge A. B. Nye, late of Oakland. Soon after the family moved up here the judge's married daughter, who lives in Tulare Co., beyond Visalia, sent up a favorite driving-horse. A few nights later the horse got loose and made his way back to his Tulare Co. home. At five o'clock in the evening he was in his stall in Judge Nye's barn a mile west of here and at eight o'clock the next morning he was at the daughter's ranch, forty-five miles distant, waiting at the corral gate to be let in.—*Fowler Ensign.*

(From *The Cattarian*, Washington, D. C.)

CATS.

A traveler in Persia writes: "And everywhere about the palace are cats. The Shah has a specimen of every kind of cat of which he has ever heard, and there is hardly a country that is not represented in the feline army which it is the pleasure of the Persian ruler to maintain. If he hears of any sort of a cat which is new to him he immediately gives orders that it be bought, no matter what the price is, and it is possible that some ordinary American tabby may be at this moment luxuriating at the Shah's expense. To take care of this assemblage of cats there is a corps of well-paid officials."

CAT HAD "STOLEN" RING.

GALESBURG, MICH., Friday. Through the discovery of a diamond ring imbedded in the tail of a family cat owned by William Ward of this city, steps were taken to-day to obtain the release from the state reformatory of William Henderson, sent there two years ago on a charge of stealing the ring.

The ring mysteriously disappeared from the dressing-table of Mrs. Ward. The supposition is that a child in the Ward family, while playing with the cat, slipped the ring over the tail of the cat, where it was hidden by the hair which became entangled and held the diamond in position.

The Cat Journal, Feb., 1905.

(From *The Wilkesbarre Record*.) IN HOT WEATHER REMEMBER YOUR HORSE.

When the summer comes with its sizzling heat men begin to kick about it. They condemn the weather to the full extent of their vocabulary, and grunt and growl all day long. And yet man is able to a great extent to mitigate the discomfits resulting from the heat. He can take cooling drinks, wear thinner clothing, go to picnics and excursions, walk on the shady side of the street, have an electric fan in his office, etc. But how about the poor horse? Does not he also suffer from the heat? Do we sympathize with him and try to make life in the summertime more bearable for him? If not, then we deserve to frizzle and fry in our selfishness. But, perhaps, it's only because we are thoughtless that we give no consideration or attention to the horse. If so, here are a few good rules that should be pasted in the hat of every horse-owner, and if they are observed suffering among horses will be greatly decreased. These "don'ts" are issued by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the *Record* is glad to give them wide circulation. They are as follows:



MISS N. M. WEST AND HER SHORT-HAIRED CAT BUMSKY,
SCHEECTADY, N. Y.

[Published by kind permission of the "Cat Journal," Palmyra, N. Y.]

Don't forget that your horse will repay you for his cost if you treat him right.

Don't stand him in the sun, when by moving him across the street or around the corner you can find shade.

Don't put the same load on him when the thermometer is at 90 that you do when it is just above the freezing point.

Don't fail to give him water at short intervals.

Don't fail to bathe his head with cold water.

Don't give the horse whiskey unless advised by the veterinary surgeon, and don't take any yourself. Nine-tenths of the abuse of animals are directly traceable to its use.

Don't fail, if it shows signs of exhaustion, to give the animal a half hour's rest.

Don't fail in extreme cases to apply ice to the head and ice-water to the body, so as to reduce the temperature.

Don't swear at him. He is a sentient being and can feel either the lash, whip or your tongue.

OLD BILLY THE HORSE.

Somebody once said, *Billy ought to be dead,*
"Old Billy," the horse, you know;
The faithful old horse, so noble and true,
Because he was old and slow.

* * * * *
"Kill old Billy," old "uncle Billy?"
Not while his master can tend him;
His first owner is gone, no more to return,
And his second will ever defend him.

With old "uncle Billy" we don't want to be silly,
But the old fellow shall have good care
For the work he has done, in the past for ONE
Whose wishes we ever will share.

"Old Billy," you see, you belong to me,
And you well deserve a pension;
And that you shall have as long as I live,
In good feed and special attention.

THOMAS HARWOOD.

READ THIS WITHOUT FAIL.

(From The Buffalo Horse World.)

FIREFLY.

In a recent number of *The Horse World* an article appeared on the subject of insanity in horses, the writer holding the opinion that horses do go insane. Perhaps they do, and perhaps they are driven insane by the abuse of ignorant or cruel attendants, as is shown by the following instance:

Last summer I was staying for some weeks on the shores of the beautiful Lake George.

One lovely afternoon I was driving with my friend, Mrs. K—, and admiring her fine horses, who held up their spirited heads without the assistance of those detestable check-reins, and waved their long, flowing tails, safe from the brutal knife with which so many flint-hearted owners of fine horses hack off the tails of their helpless dumb property, and call the ugly, mutilated stumps "stylish."

As we were driving along, Mrs. K— asked John, the coachman, to stop for five minutes at the house of her carpenter, and got out of the carriage to give some orders, leaving me to do what I always seize every opportunity of doing, that is, to talk with the coachman about horses.

He was a bright young fellow.

"Your horses do you credit, John," I began. "Their coats shine like satin."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," said he, touching his hat. "I have had them going on five years, and I have never once laid a whip over their backs."

"Do you know much about horses?"

"Well, I have studied them good deal, ma'am, and early in the summer I saved the life of a very valuable horse."

"Oh, do tell me," I cried, leaning forward.

He laughed and blushed, and said, "I'll do my best, ma'am. I must begin by telling you that all the country round about here knew of Mr. L—'s insane horse. They whipped him, and shackled him, and tried to cure him, but it was of no use, and now for two days he had refused all food, and was condemned to be shot.

"I thought a good deal about the poor creature, and the day before he was to be killed I asked Mrs. K— to let me drive over and see him. On the way I stopped at the Fort William Henry Hotel. A famous veterinary doctor, whom I once saved from the kick of a horse, was stopping there. I found him smoking on the piazza, and easily persuaded him to take his bag of instruments and medicine, without which he never travelled, and go with me.

"When we got to the stable there were a dozen idle fellows standing around and chaffing the grooms. Poor Firefly stood trembling in his stall, with every little while a big shudder going all over him. The doctor and I went near, and he turned and looked at us. I do declare, ma'am, that I never saw such a hopeless, pleading look. It made a great choke come in my throat, and I dashed off some water from my eyes before those vagabonds could see it and make fun of me.

"Oh, come!" said one big, rough loafer, "touch him up, Jake." Before we could stop him Jake went into the next stall, and leaning over, gave Firefly a sharp tap on the side of his face.

"Instantly the horse threw up his head and dashed it from side to side. He backed out of the stall as far as the long strap would let him, and began to kick and prance furiously, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils extended, while the brutal crowd clapped and hallooed. The doctor and I watched him carefully, my heart full of pity, when all at once it came to me—I knew! yes, I knew what ailed him! and I suddenly cried out: 'Stop hollering, you loafers; the horse is crazy with a jumping toothache!'

A roar of contemptuous laughter greeted this discovery, but the doctor had already opened his bag and taken out a bottle of chloroform. He quickly saturated the towel, and watching his chance, threw it over poor Firefly's head.

The creature lurched, trembled, and then began to sprawl like a drunken man, and we had hardly time to run to him before he fell heavily forward and rolled over on his side. With the help of two of the more decent men, we caught him in time to lay him gently down, and then, by the doctor's direction, I sat lightly upon his shoulder, to prevent any possible movement, while the others held his feet.

"Then the doctor, holding the cloth over the nose of the horse, forced open his mouth. Oh! oh! What

a sight it was! I hope, ma'am, never to see it again! An enormous abscess filled all one side, while the rest was purple with inflammation. Two back teeth covered by the ulcer were laid bare by the forceps of the doctor. They were decayed to the very roots.

"These have made all the trouble!" he exclaimed, and in another minute he had yanked them out. He put more chloroform on the cloth, and taking a lancet from his bag, he cut deep into the abscess. Calling for an old towel, he softly pressed out all the stuff it held; then asking for a basin of warm water, poured some laudanum in it, and with a sponge he gently sponged and washed the suffering mouth and quivering, swollen gums; and then, removing the chloroformed cloth, he laid down the poor animal's head!

"Now, Jake," he said, "go quickly and prepare a soft, warm mash, and see if Mr. L— is in the house. I should like to speak to him."

"Upon hearing this, all the tramps and loafers lounged off.

Presently poor Firefly moved feebly and opened his eyes. I got off his shoulder. He raised his head slowly while I patted and smoothed his flank and spoke kindly to him. "It's all over, poor old fellow," I said; "you won't suffer much longer."

"I am sure he understood me, for a soft gleam came into his eyes; then he seemed to pull himself together, and with a supreme effort got upon his legs, trembling all over, while I just kept talking to him and cheering him up, the same as if he were a human being.

"By this time the groom had brought the warm mash, and Mr. L— came with him. The doctor put a strong sleeping potion in it, and I held it and coaxed him to eat. He began to eat slowly, with a wondering look in his eyes, as if he wished to know from where this blessed relief from torture had come. His mouth was still horribly sore, but the exciting cause was gone.

"We made him up a thick bed of soft hay, and the sleeping potion soon taking effect, the poor exhausted creature sank down and fell into a deep sleep. Then the doctor told Mr. L— of my 'inspiration,' as he called it, and Mr. L— begged me to take a \$20 bill, with his thanks, but I wouldn't. I told him it was enough reward to have saved such a fine horse from being shot.

"Very well," he answered, "I will get even with you in some other way; and as to the doctor," shaking hands with him, "you may be sure that your bill will be paid most cheerfully."

"And how did Firefly get on?" I asked, for I was very deeply interested.

"Oh, he picked up wonderfully! What with tonics and warm mashes and petting, he is one of the handsomest horses in this part of the country. 'Why!' exclaimed John, starting up in his seat, "I do believe that is Mr. L— and Firefly coming this way now."

I looked up the road and saw a dog-cart with a groom behind, and a gentleman driving a splendid, bright bay horse, with no blinders nor check-rein, and flourishing a long, beautiful tail. The horse knew John instantly, and stopping of his own accord, tried to put his head into the front of the open carriage.

Just then Mrs. K— came out of the carpenter's shop, and this was the tableau she saw: I was holding the reins of her horses, Mr. L— sat motionless and smiling in his dog-cart, while John, who had vainly tried to push back Firefly, had handed me the reins and jumped out, and he and the grateful creature were hugging each other; that is, Firefly had pushed John's hat off and was rubbing his head all over his shoulder, while John was petting the animal and calling him loving names.

Then Mr. L— jumped out of his dog-cart, and gallantly handed Mrs. K— into her carriage. John resumed his reins, and with cordial smiles and bows we went our different ways.

Don't let any one dare to say, after this, that horses have no reason, sense or memory, as well as affection. Firefly knew well enough what John had done for him, and he never meant to forget it.

And now, my dear readers, you can easily see the moral of my story—my true story—and I entreat you to circulate this piece of advice:

When a horse is fretful and seems determined to be ugly, don't tie him up with a strong strap to a strong hook in the stable, and whip him, but send for a veterinary surgeon and have him examined.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

A tinkling as of tiny bells,
A tap upon the pane;
And hark, the pleasant news it tells,—
To parching hills and thirsty dells
Has come the blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!
Meadows, renew your robes once more;
Drink deep, ye fields of grain;
Hold up your cups, each tiny flower,
Receive the grateful, cooling shower,
The blessed, blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort; and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled. But when I heard him say, "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that here was a young man who loved his mother.

BOB-TAILED HORSES.

If some of these people would sit in a room full of flies with their hands tied behind their backs they might have some idea of the helpless condition they place their horses in. But they never think that far. If cutting off the tails of the animals can cater to their vanity, that is as far as their thoughts go. Probably if it were the fashion to brand their initials all over the flesh of the horses they would do it without hesitation.

Cutting off the extension of the backbone of a horse is in itself painful and cruel. To place him in misery during the fly season is further cruelty. Common sense ought to induce the owners to stop the practice.

The Wilkesbarre Record.

DR. CHAPMAN'S CHOLERA AND DYSENTERY SYRUP.

We never advertise anything in "Our Dumb Animals" for money, but wish to say to our readers that for some thirty years we have never taken a summer journey without a small bottle of the above medicine, which claims to be purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is now sold by our druggists, Hollis Brothers, 23 Union Street, Boston, and very likely by others widely through the country, at fifty cents a bottle.

We have heard of wonderful cures by it of cases of summer complaint, and have several times by loaning our bottle had the satisfaction of seeing its good effects.

Once at Rye Beach, a lady not expected to live through the night was cured by it.

In our short trip to Maine, a lady at the hotel, in great agony, which the doctor did not relieve, was, after the second teaspoonful, free from pain and soon quite well.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

OKLAHOMA.

We are glad to receive on this June 16th an interesting letter from a prominent officer of the humane society recently formed in Oklahoma, who is proposing, under the influence of the Epworth Leagues and otherwise, to form Bands of Mercy, so far as possible, in all the schools of Oklahoma, and asking us to send humane literature to aid in the proposed work. The following quotation from his letter shows the need of such action:

"It is an outrage and crime the way cattle are wintered in this land. They are kept almost entirely on wheat straw and are starved so nearly to death before spring that they can hardly

walk, and hundreds every year in this vicinity become so weak that they cannot get up when once down, and die before grass comes."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home."

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat."

"But it was deeper than I thought. Be-

fore I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

ABOUT HORSES.

We take the following from *The California Horseman* of November, 1904:

Water your horses five or six times a day. They cannot get too much. You will notice a difference very quickly in the general condition of the horse as he fattens very easily with a great quantity of pure water.

The water should be pure. Many farmers think the water is all right so long as the horses will drink it. That is indeed a great mistake. Pure water is as essential to horses as it is to man. Impure water will impair the health of your horses enough to make them easy subjects of disease. It is enough to say that improper feeding and watering will doubtless account for over one-half of the digestive disorders met with in the horse.

Don't forget your cat.



BOSTON COMMON IN SUMMER.

(For Our Dumb Animals)
ROVER AND THE BABY.
A TRUE INCIDENT.

Across the street from my study window lives a dog. His name is Rover. He is a spaniel with curly auburn hair, and with ears long and shaggy. His eyes are large and hazel. He often sits upon his haunches when looking down the street, holding up his fore feet like hands bending at the wrist. This is owing to a lame shoulder, for he gets tired when standing as dogs usually do, and sits up like a man for a change now and then.

But Rover has attracted my attention in another way more particularly. Once or twice a week he sets up a cry or howl which is most piteous to hear. He lifts up his head in his cries, and they tell me the tears fall from his eyes on some of these occasions.

What is the cause?

Before long Rover sees something coming on the sidewalk in the distance. He pricks up his ears and trots off towards it. He is more and more excited. The wag of his tail and the change of voice show this; the tail has become a bark of joy. It is the baby carriage he sees, inside of which is baby Clara, a year old.

And now they meet—the precious little passenger and Rover, who greets her with many a kiss. He accompanies her to the house with many demonstrations of joy. There is no more wailing that day. The cup of happiness for the dog is full, and this remarkable affection is reciprocated, for the baby, in her own way, greets and talks to the dog. She looks for him and delights in his coming.

It is certainly very interesting to see this attachment, and it might well be a lesson to some of us of the biped race.

REV. EDWIN N. ANDREWS.
Hartford, Wis.

ADULTERATION OF FOODS AND LIQUORS.

As the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* know, many years ago we spent much money and time in investigating and exposing the dangerous adulterations of foods, liquors and other articles sold in our markets, finally carrying the matter to Washington and procuring a Congressional Report of which we circulated, at our own personal expense, many thousands of copies.

Any person wishing to know more about this matter can write us for a copy of our Autobiographical Sketches, which will be sent without expense.

Recently the attention of our United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, and of our State Board of Health and of various Dairy and Food Commissioners in the United States have been called to our efforts, and we have received from them interesting letters, and to our surprise we have learned that some of our most influential newspapers decline to publish facts that have been ascertained in regard to poisonous and dangerous adulterations, because such publication would interfere with their obtaining large advertisements which they now receive, and we have been asked whether we cannot in *Our Dumb Animals*, as a perfectly independent paper, going every month to the editorial offices of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, publishing some of the facts which chemists are ascertaining.

Among others comes to us a most alarming statement made by C. B. Cochran, state chemist of Pennsylvania, to Dr. B. H. Warren, Dairy and Food Commissioner of that state, from which we can publish only a few samples:

(1) "Out of five hundred samples of alcoholic liquors four hundred and fifty were found to be adulterated. Of wines, blackberry brandies and blackberry cordial more than ninety per cent. were found to be greatly adulterated, in nearly all of which there was a total absence of blackberry juice, and in almost every case the use of coal-tar dyes, some of which are deadly poisons, and some of which are used in coloring butter and oleomargarine, and some of which should be classed as virulent poisons with arsenic and corrosive sublimate.

(2) "Saccharine is largely used for sweetening in place of sugar, and is dangerous to health.

(3) "Salicylic acid has been largely used to preserve beers and other articles, and is very dangerous. It has also been used in cider, canned fruits, canned vegetables, catsups, soda water syrups, fruit juices, etc.

(4) "The majority of whiskeys have been found to be adulterated.

(5) "Wood alcohol, which is a deadly poison, has occasionally been used in spirituous liquors, and offers a good illustration of the recklessness of the compounders of liquors for the sake of increased profits."

All of which goes to show what we have many times endeavored to bring before the public, that organized, independent societies for the protection of public health ought to be established in all our leading cities to protect human beings from suffering and death, as faithfully as our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals endeavor to protect them.

There is a chance of accomplishing enormous good by some wealthy man who will undertake to push this moral and humane work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ADULTERATED FOOD.

The New Hampshire state board of health has recently issued a "Sanitary Bulletin" containing the results of analyses made of foodstuffs sold in that state. Out of 365 articles purchased, consisting of canned goods, baking powders, meat products, spices, jellies, jams, etc., more than 45 per cent. were found to contain adulterations. Of the thirty-two samples of canned fruits, jellies and jams examined, twenty-nine, or 91 per cent., were found to be in this degree defective. The raspberry and strawberry jams were colored by coal tar dye and preserved by benzoate and salicylate of soda. Strawberry jams seem to be quite generally made of apple stock prepared with aniline dyes. The kindly regard which the preparers of these adulterated commodities have for the digestion of their customers is, in view of these facts, hardly worthy of mention. It should be possible to prevent abuses of this kind by the adoption of rigorous methods of punishment.—*Boston Herald*, June 26.

SELLING ADULTERATED CREAM OF TARTAR.

A. B. Ryan was fined \$25 by Judge Adams in the Boston police court for selling impure cream of tartar. The stuff was put in packages and marked "pure." State Analyst Lythgoe found that it contained calcium sulphate, calcium acid phosphate, and other matter. The analyst stated that while calcium acid phosphate mixed with soda would give off some leavening gas, and thereby mislead the user, the other ingredients were simply makeweights. Calcium sulphate is ground gypsum, which is plaster of paris. Ryan had been disposing of this mixture for cream of tartar a long while, and had been fined once before for the same offence.

A great deal of this kind of material is sold throughout New England under the name of cream of tartar, which it resembles so closely in appearance as to deceive anyone who cannot analyze it. Housekeepers use it with soda to raise biscuit, cake, etc., in ignorance of the fact that it carries to the food a substance unfit for the stomach, plaster of paris, and that its leavening property is very slight.

We are told that there is but little pure cream of tartar sold at the shops. It is safer, as well as economical, for the housewife to procure a reputable cream of tartar baking powder for raising her biscuit and cake, as the official analysis shows that the ingredients used in them are chemically pure.

Greenfield Courier, June 24.

ADULTERATIONS.

In considering the vast adulterations of foods, drinks and medicines sold in our country, the only wonder seems to me not that so many people are sick, but how so many people seem to keep tolerably well.

CRUELTY TO COWS.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

My attention has been called, in several instances, to the keeping of cows stalled, day and night, without exercise, and of course without grazing. This, too, in the country, where good pasture was to be had within a few rods of the barn.

A moment's thought ought to convince any person that it is sheer cruelty. A cow or a horse needs exercise and green food, fresh air and sunshine, or the milk of the one, and the health of both will suffer. The milk of a cow confined cannot be healthful, nor can the cow herself be healthy or happy, no matter how well she is fed or treated in other respects.

"Solitary confinement" is abnormal, and neither beast nor man can thrive under it.

The functions of maternity and lactation require a more cheerful condition of things equally in the barn to the cow, and in the house to the woman.

May every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* and every member of our "Humane Society" strive to enlighten the darkness on this subject which overspreads so many farms and homesteads.

O. W. R.

STICKY FLY-PAPER.

A kind lady writes us of the cruelty inflicted on flies by the use of sticky fly-paper. We have no doubt that the insects suffer through the use of this paper, but as we have been told far less than the higher grades of creatures, will some one kindly tell us how flies can be effectively and more mercifully killed, and we will endeavor through our columns to call public attention to the subject.

"SUMMER IS HERE."

When the mower cuts the clover, and the swallow skims the corn,
And you hear the herd boy calling 'cross the meadows in the morn,
And the dawn is rich with robins piping in the poplar trees,
And across the bending buckwheat gad the yellow-buskin bees,
And the quail calls up his covey, by the music of his name,
In the plaited old fence corner, with its Indian pinks afame—

Then summer-time is here!

When bobolink falls from tree-top, tripped and tangled in his song,
And the catbird buttonholes you for a dialogue, right or wrong,
And the speckled hawk loaf lonely on the dappled, distant sky,
And the affable white sheep graze about you as you lie,
Looking down cool terminal colonnades where bits of blue are seen
Through the sinuous antique arras of the breeze-blown muscadine—

Then summer-time is here!

Far and faint you hear the tinkle of the bland bells of the kine,
And your heart spills out its bitterness as bacchanals spill wine,
Soft peace comes down, balm breasted, on the weary heart and brain,
And your soul bursts off her gyves, and, full-statured, hears again
Through lapped leafage the light footsteps of the Master pausing near,
Rise and gird thee for His coming—hear Him calling plaintive, clear:

Summer-time is here!

ROBERT MCINTYRE.

SEARCHING FOR STRAWBERRIES.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hillside?

*Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on breast and back and wings,
Proud of the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.*

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching their motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Tumbling and twittering, ready to fall,
The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a more slender thread.

*Ah! birdie, I said, if you only knew,
My heart was tender and warm and true!
But the thought that I loved her birdlings too
Never entered her small brown head.*

*And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load and care.*

*And oh, if we only knew
That God is tender and warm and true,
And that He loves us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.*

JAPAN.

During some years we have been having some correspondence with people in Japan in regard to our humane societies and Bands of Mercy, and by letters and a package of Japanese humane literature recently received we are glad to know that a large number of our Bands of Mercy are to be formed in Japan, as they are also being formed to greater or less extent in various places in Europe, Asia, Africa, and elsewhere.

Our Dumb Animals.

45

**WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?**
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

61515 *Fitchburg, Mass.*
St. Bernards Sch. (Boys)

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P.

61516 Div. 4.
P.

61517 Div. 5.
P.

61518 Div. 6.
P.

61519 Div. 7.
P.

61520 Div. 8.
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61521 Div. 9.
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61522 Div. 10.
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61523 Div. 11.
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61524 Div. 12.
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61525 Div. 13.
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61526 Div. 14.
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61527 Div. 15.
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61528 Div. 16.
P.

61529 St. Bernards Sch. (Girls)
Bands.

Div. 1.
P.

61530 Div. 2.
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61531 Div. 3.
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61532 Div. 4.
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61533 Div. 5.
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61540 Div. 12.
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61541 Div. 13.
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61542 Div. 14.
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61543 Div. 15.
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61544 Div. 16.
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61545 St. Josephs Sch. Bands.
Div. 1.

P.

61546 Div. 2.
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61547 Div. 3.
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61548 Div. 4.
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61557 Div. 13.
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61558 Div. 14.
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61559 Div. 15.
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61560 *Canton, Mass.*
St. Johns School Bands.

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61561 Div. 2.
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61562 Div. 3.
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61563 Div. 4.
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61564 Div. 5.
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61565 Div. 6.
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61566 Div. 7.
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61567 Div. 8.
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61568 Div. 9.
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61569 Div. 10.
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61570 Lowell, Mass.
St. Josephs School Bands

(Boys).
Div. 1.

61571 Div. 2.
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61572 Div. 3.
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61573 Div. 4.
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61581 Div. 12.
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61583 Div. 14.
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61584 Div. 15.
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61585 St. Josephs School Bands
(Girls).

Div. 1.

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61600 Div. 16.
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61601 Charlestown, Mass.
Frothingham Grammar
School Bands.

Div. 1.

61602 Div. 2.
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61603 Div. 3.
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61604 Div. 4.
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61615 Harvard Grammar School
Bands.

Div. 1.

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61627 Boston, Mass.
Bunker Grammar Sch.
Bands.

Div. 1.

61628 Div. 2.
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61631 Div. 5.
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61639 Div. 13.
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61640 East Boston, Mass.
Paul Jones Grammar Sch.
Bands.

Div. 1.

61641 Div. 2.
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61642 Div. 3.
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61697 Div. 58.
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61698 Div. 59.
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61699 Div. 60.
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61700 Emerson School Bands.
Div. 1.

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61701 Div. 2.
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61702 Div. 3.
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61703 Div. 4.
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61704 Div. 5.
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61705 Div. 6.
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61710 Div. 11.
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61711 Div. 12.
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61712 Div. 13.
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61713 Div. 14.
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61714 Knightstown, Ind.
Ind. Soldiers and Sailors
Orphans Home Bands.
No. 1.

P., A. H. Graham.

61715 No. 2.
P., Frances L. Banta.

61716 No. 3.
P., Belle A. Powers.

61717 No

Our Dumb Animals.

61741 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Mr. Miller.	61794 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Elsie Woodson.	61850 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Eliza Doyle.	61899 <i>Providence, R. I.</i> Julian St. School Bands.	61946 <i>Golden Rule.</i> <i>P.</i> , Ada Little.
61742 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Mr. Park.	61795 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Imogene Salomon.	61851 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Etta Hodges.	61900 Kind Workers. <i>P.</i> , Clara E. Bennett.	61947 <i>Wide Awake.</i> <i>P.</i> , Emily W. Cushman.
61743 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Miss Owen.	61796 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Ella McCoy.	61852 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Eleanor Huston.	61901 Kind Helpers. <i>P.</i> , Fannie P. Haskins.	61948 <i>Point St. Grammar School Bands.</i> <i>P.</i> , Lucy C. Stanley.
61744 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Miss Wishard.	61797 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Adella Dunlap.	61853 Columbia School Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , T. F. Kerby.	61902 Happy Workers. <i>P.</i> , Cecilia A. Murray.	61949 <i>Point St. Humane Society.</i> <i>P.</i> , Laura E. Almy.
61745 No. 10. <i>P.</i> , S. V. Alexander.	61798 No. 10. <i>P.</i> , Lucy De Wolfe.	61854 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Alma M. Getty.	61903 Willing Workers. <i>P.</i> , Margaret M. Shea.	61950 <i>United Protectors.</i> <i>P.</i> , Isabella F. Martin.
61746 No. 11. <i>P.</i> , Miss Wilson.	61799 No. 11. <i>P.</i> , Blanche Earhart.	61855 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Harriet Mohan.	61904 Golden Rule. <i>P.</i> , Emma M. Budlong.	61951 <i>Loyal Protectors.</i> <i>P.</i> , M. E. Moss.
61747 No. 12. <i>P.</i> , V. S. Brann.	61800 No. 12. <i>P.</i> , Augusta Durbin.	61856 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Flora Spencer.	61905 Doyle Ave. Grammar Sch. Bands. <i>P.</i> , Rosa Bonheur.	61952 <i>Golden Rule Advocates.</i> <i>P.</i> , E. A. Salisbury.
61748 No. 13. <i>P.</i> , J. W. Herron.	61801 No. 13. <i>P.</i> , Igrid Jesten.	61857 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Ada M. Vanpelt.	61906 Thoughtful Workers. <i>P.</i> , Catharine D. Pike.	61953 <i>Loyal Friends.</i> <i>P.</i> , E. A. Salisbury.
61749 No. 14. <i>P.</i> , W. H. Bishop.	61802 No. 14. <i>P.</i> , Elma Ridpath.	61858 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Itasca J. Unthank.	61907 Lincoln. <i>P.</i> , F. H. Fowler.	61954 <i>Loyal Protectors League.</i> <i>P.</i> , C. G. Crapon.
61750 No. 15. <i>P.</i> , John Simpson.	61803 No. 15. <i>P.</i> , Mary E. Anshutz.	61859 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Martha E. Hall.	61908 Vigilant. <i>P.</i> , Elizabeth L. Forbes.	61955 <i>Helpful.</i> <i>P.</i> , J. E. Graves.
61751 No. 16. <i>P.</i> , H. S. Headin.	61804 No. 16. <i>P.</i> , Bertha Canaday.	61860 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Loretta Bowen.	61909 Lookout. <i>P.</i> , Nellie G. Johnson.	61956 <i>Golden Rule Followers.</i> <i>P.</i> , M. C. Hollen.
61752 No. 17. <i>P.</i> , Miss Howard.	61805 No. 17. <i>P.</i> , Central Avenue School Bands.	61861 Park Place Sch. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Bessie Bond.	61910 Protectors of the Helpless. <i>P.</i> , Nellie G. Johnson.	61957 <i>The Protectors League.</i> <i>P.</i> , E. E. Meehan.
61753 Presbyterian S. S. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , W. T. Whiteneck.	61806 No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Gertrude McCleery.	61862 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Florence Ratcliff.	61911 Volunteer. <i>P.</i> , M. Anna Grant.	61958 <i>Good Samaritan.</i> <i>P.</i> , A. E. Campbell.
61754 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Simmons.	61807 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Alicia Wright.	61863 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Elizabeth Rippetoe.	61912 Kindness. <i>P.</i> , M. E. Niles.	61959 <i>Thoughtful.</i> <i>P.</i> , Cora A. Delaney.
61755 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Brewer.	61808 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Emma Hester.	61864 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Estella M. Tarney.	61913 Helpful. <i>P.</i> , M. C. Kelley.	61960 <i>Kind Deeds.</i> <i>P.</i> , Bebe Boas.
61756 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Miss King.	61809 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Helen Foote.	61865 No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Adelaide McMullan.	61914 Loyal Defenders. <i>P.</i> , E. T. Dunne.	61961 <i>Kind Helpers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Maude E. Armstrong.
61757 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Mr. Swan.	61810 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Anna Ellis.	61866 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Anna Birchard.	61915 Thoughtful. <i>P.</i> , Mary D. Phillips.	61962 <i>Federal St. Primary School Bands.</i> <i>P.</i> , Anne C. Geary.
61758 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Laura Kelly.	61811 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Flora Burke.	61867 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , J. W. Sullivan.	61916 Earnest Workers. <i>P.</i> , Mary A. Dougherty.	61963 <i>Kind Word Workers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Maud A. Munster.
61759 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Miss Oliver.	61812 Hazelwood Sch. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , E. B. Gibbs.	61868 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Ida Dickey.	61917 Pansy. <i>P.</i> , Elizabeth B. McLeod.	61964 <i>Kind Thought Workers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Geraldine M. Kilkenny.
61760 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Mr. Noble.	61813 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Bessie Douglass.	61869 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Grace Meukorn.	61918 Washington. <i>P.</i> , Winifred J. Monahan.	61965 <i>Kind Heart Workers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Anna C. Geary.
61761 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Kelley.	61814 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Emma Kendall.	61870 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Daisy Colvin.	61919 Volunteer. <i>P.</i> , Ellen R. McCallion.	61966 <i>Carpenter St. Primary School Bands.</i> <i>P.</i> , Teresa A. Sullivan.
61762 No. 10. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Wheatecroft.	61815 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Edna Doyle.	61871 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Sister Superior.	61920 Wide Awake. <i>P.</i> , Margaret N. Goodwin.	61967 <i>Golden Rule.</i> <i>P.</i> , Maude L. F. Sweet.
61763 No. 11. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Bishop.	61816 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Martha Harrison.	61872 St. Mary School Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61921 Loyal Protectors. <i>P.</i> , Mary B. Leonard.	61968 <i>Be Kind to All.</i> <i>P.</i> , Mary E. Douglass.
61764 No. 12. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. Carson.	61817 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Ethel Henderson.	61873 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61922 Willing Workers. <i>P.</i> , Katherine F. McGinn.	61969 Kindness. <i>P.</i> , Mary E. Like.
61765 Baptist S. S. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Dr. J. A. Craig.	61818 No. 10. <i>P.</i> , Olive Grisson.	61874 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61923 Putnam St. Primary School Bands. Protectors of the Helpless.	61970 <i>Willow St. School Bands.</i> <i>P.</i> , Elizabeth J. Tracy.
61766 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , D. R. Landis.	61819 No. 11. <i>P.</i> , Jennie Wise.	61875 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61924 Golden Rule. <i>P.</i> , A. M. C. Denney.	61971 <i>Good Will.</i> <i>P.</i> , Etta A. Paul.
61767 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , Miss Vaughn.	61820 No. 12. <i>P.</i> , Washington Sch. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Elma Trueblood.	61876 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61925 Willing Workers. <i>P.</i> , N. A. Farrell.	61972 <i>Sunshine.</i> <i>P.</i> , A. T. Turner.
61768 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , Miss Coughlin.	61821 No. 13. <i>P.</i> , Ruth La Rue.	61877 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61926 Kind Boys and Girls. <i>P.</i> , M. L. Fenner.	61973 <i>Kind Little Helpers.</i> <i>P.</i> , A. T. Turner.
61769 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Mr. McAlpin.	61822 No. 14. <i>P.</i> , Ollie Janes.	61878 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Sister —	61927 Little Helpers. <i>P.</i> , R. L. Kelly.	61974 <i>Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals.</i> <i>P.</i> , Mary C. W. Bowen.
61770 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , Robert McAlpin.	61823 No. 15. <i>P.</i> , Agnes Slanker.	61879 Huntingdon, Quebec. The Huntington Band. <i>P.</i> , Cecil Stark.	61928 Earnest Happy Workers. <i>P.</i> , T. M. Murphy.	61975 <i>Kind Boys and Girls.</i> <i>P.</i> , Lucy F. Covell.
61771 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Miss Dougherty.	61824 No. 16. <i>P.</i> , Estelle Cleveland.	61880 Colusa, Cal. Friends of the Dumb Band. <i>P.</i> , Irving Hickok.	61929 Kind Workers. <i>P.</i> , H. J. Mann.	61976 <i>Kind Helpers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Phebe A. Rathbone.
61772 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Mr. Desmy.	61825 No. 17. <i>P.</i> , Artie Rauch.	61881 The Lovel Band. <i>P.</i> , Mrs. S. E. Collier.	61930 Chalkstone Ave. School Bands. Golden Rule.	61977 <i>Benefit St. School Bands.</i> <i>P.</i> , Della S. Freeman.
61773 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Miss McAlpin.	61826 No. 18. <i>P.</i> , Etta Swain.	61882 Indian Gap, Texas. The Esther Gerrels Band. <i>P.</i> , Miss Esther Gerrels.	61931 Kind Helpers. <i>P.</i> , Gertrude M. Durrell.	61978 <i>Sunbeam.</i> <i>P.</i> , Sarah E. Walker.
61774 Anderson, Ind. High School Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Mr. J. W. Carr.	61827 No. 19. <i>P.</i> , Dean Hart.	61883 Shadeland Sch. Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Roby Brock.	61932 Little Helpers. <i>P.</i> , Margaret B. Prendergast.	61979 <i>Helping Hand.</i> <i>P.</i> , Margaret O'Connor.
61775 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , J. B. Pearcey.	61828 No. 20. <i>P.</i> , Anna Barnett.	61884 The Esther Gerrels Band. <i>P.</i> , Mr. W. T. Jones.	61933 Be Kind to All. <i>P.</i> , Ellen L. Killoran.	61980 <i>Kind Deeds.</i> <i>P.</i> , Annie P. Burdick.
61776 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , H. H. Bass.	61829 No. 21. <i>P.</i> , Miss Harrison.	61885 Woburn Lawn, Hayley Gap, Jamaica, W. I. Woburn Lawn Band. <i>P.</i> , Mr. W. T. Jones.	61934 Earnest Happy Workers. <i>P.</i> , M. Josephine Healey.	61981 <i>Loyal Protectors.</i> <i>P.</i> , Mabel T. Gardner.
61777 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , J. C. Black.	61830 No. 22. <i>P.</i> , Artie Rauch.	61886 Rutland, Mass. Rutland Humane Society Band. <i>P.</i> , Mr. P. F. Drury.	61935 Wide Awake Workers. <i>P.</i> , M. S. Raftery.	61982 <i>Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals.</i> <i>P.</i> , Katherine C. Walsh.
61778 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Ada Vickers.	61831 No. 23. <i>P.</i> , Emma Walker.	61887 Cawnpore, India. Cawnpore Girls High Sch. Band. <i>P.</i> , Alice A. Crawford.	61936 Kind Workers. <i>P.</i> , Mary F. Towle.	61983 <i>Golden Rule.</i> <i>P.</i> , Katherine M. Murray.
61779 No. 6. <i>P.</i> , M. E. Haggerty.	61832 No. 24. <i>P.</i> , Addie Northway.	61888 Jr. Empower League Band. <i>P.</i> , R. May Pyne.	61937 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals. <i>P.</i> , H. S. Bowen.	61984 <i>Kind Hearts.</i> <i>P.</i> , Marion A. Puffer.
61780 No. 7. <i>P.</i> , Anna Ward.	61833 Main St. School Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Eva De Bruler.	61889 Boston, Mass. Bowdoin School Bands. Div. 1. <i>P.</i> , S. R. Smith.	61938 Kind Boys and Girls. <i>P.</i> , Mary F. Towle.	61985 <i>Kind Friends of Dumb Animals.</i> <i>P.</i> , Catherine F. Doran.
61781 No. 8. <i>P.</i> , Mary C. Hall.	61834 No. 25. <i>P.</i> , Pauline Carson.	61890 Div. 2. <i>P.</i> , M. T. O'Hea.	61939 Broad St. Grammar Schoo. Bands. Lookout.	61986 <i>Willing Workers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Helen M. Greene.
61782 No. 9. <i>P.</i> , Carol L. Johnson.	61835 No. 26. <i>P.</i> , Alice McDonald.	61891 Div. 3. <i>P.</i> , E. W. Pitcher.	61940 Kind Little Helpers. <i>P.</i> , Louise F. Donahue.	61987 <i>Kind Little Helpers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Martha Stone.
61783 No. 10. <i>P.</i> , J. C. Boldt.	61836 No. 27. <i>P.</i> , Amanda Guisenger.	61892 Div. 4. <i>P.</i> , A. F. Armes.	61941 The Defenders. <i>P.</i> , M. C. S. Devereaux.	61988 <i>State St. Primary School Bands.</i> Golden Rule.
61784 No. 11. <i>P.</i> , C. H. Mingle.	61837 No. 28. <i>P.</i> , Cloilda Buettner.	61893 Div. 5. <i>P.</i> , E. J. Macomber.	61942 Loyal Protectors. <i>P.</i> , Charlotte E. Caffrey.	61989 <i>Kind Boys and Girls.</i> <i>P.</i> , Helen A. Reynolds.
61785 No. 12. <i>P.</i> , A. B. Mavity.	61838 No. 29. <i>P.</i> , Margaret Garnbie.	61894 Div. 6. <i>P.</i> , M. W. French.	61943 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals. <i>P.</i> , Estelle C. Batchelder.	61990 <i>Kind Little Helpers.</i> <i>P.</i> , Mary J. Gorman.
61786 No. 13. <i>P.</i> , W. A. Denny.	61839 No. 30. <i>P.</i> , Henrietta Jordon.	61895 Div. 7. <i>P.</i> , S. F. Perry.	61944 Loyal Helpers. <i>P.</i> , Martha Olsen.	61991 <i>Sunshine.</i> <i>P.</i> , Mary G. Tasker.
61787 No. 14. <i>P.</i> , O. W. Douglass.	61840 No. 31. <i>P.</i> , Carrie Goyer.	61896 Div. 8. <i>P.</i> , F. M. Halligan.	61945 Protectors of the Helpless. <i>P.</i> , Estelle A. Barker.	61992 <i>East Providence, R. I.</i> Mauran Ave. School Bands.
61788 No. 15. <i>P.</i> , Wilmer Gilmer.	61841 No. 32. <i>P.</i> , Pauline Pittinger.	61897 Div. 9. <i>P.</i> , E. L. Caverly.	61946 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals. <i>P.</i> , Alice B. Maun.	61993 <i>Golden Rule No. 2.</i> <i>P.</i> , Agnes L. Maloney.
61789 Lincoln School Bands. No. 1. <i>P.</i> , Pauline Pittinger.	61842 No. 33. <i>P.</i> , Ella Lambertson.	61898 Div. 10. <i>P.</i> , Anna Greene.	61947 <i>Golden Rule.</i> <i>P.</i> , Althea T. Ide.	
61790 No. 2. <i>P.</i> , C. B. Agnew.	61843 No. 34. <i>P.</i> , Elva Metzner.		61948 <i>Golden Rule No. 2.</i> <i>P.</i> , Agnes L. Maloney.	
61791 No. 3. <i>P.</i> , H. P. Cook.	61844 No. 35. <i>P.</i> , Mary B. Fassold.			
61792 No. 4. <i>P.</i> , B. C. Keicher.	61845 No. 36. <i>P.</i> , Verra Hoke.			
61793 No. 5. <i>P.</i> , Isabelle Boyd.	61846 No. 37. <i>P.</i> , Anna Greene.			

FAMILY SECRETS.

In the long bright summer, dear to bird and bee,
When the woods are standing in liveries green and gay,
Merry little voices sound from every tree.
And they whisper secrets all the day.
If we knew the language, we should hear strange things:
Mrs. Chirry, Mrs. Flurry, deep in private chat.
"How are all your nestlings, dear? Do they use their wings?
What was that sad tale about a cat?"
"Where is your new cottage?" "Hush! I pray you, hush!
Please speak very softly, dear, and make no noise.
It is on the lowest bough of the lilac bush,
And I am so dreadfully afraid of boys."
"Mr. Chirry chose the spot without consulting me;
Such a very public place, and insecure for it.
I can scarcely sleep at night for nervousness; but he says I am a silly thing and doesn't mind a bit."
"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?
And a nest is under way for little Mrs. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."
Close the downy dowagers nestle on the bough
While the timorous voices soften low with dread:
And we, walking underneath, little reckon how
Mysteries are couching in the tree-tops overhead.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SUMMER THOUGHTS.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

FIRE-BUGS AND HUMANE EDUCATION.

On the night of July 7th three acres of land in our Boston lumber district were burned, involving the loss of one human life and several horses, and various severe injuries to firemen. It was an incendiary fire set by a fire-bug, and only one of a number that have recently happened in and about our city. Many years ago, standing before a crowded audience in the opera house of Minneapolis, presided over by Gov. Pillsbury, then governor of the state, we spoke of humane education and said that one neglected boy could set a fire, on any windy night, in the lumber district of that city, which might burn down half the city. We think the time is coming when the rich property-owners of our country will see the importance of humane education and Bands of Mercy in all our schools and give liberally for the protection of property and life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

USE COLD WATER.

CABMEN, COACHMEN, TEAMSTERS.

At this season of the year horses suffer much on account of sore backs. Now a very simple and effective remedy is to use *pure cold water* freely with a sponge every time the saddle is removed, and in a very short time the back becomes hardened and tough so the saddle will not affect the horse's back. Cabmen and teamsters, try it and you will be delighted with the result.

EXPERIENCED DRIVER.

Newport, R. I.

AN ILLUSTRATED SERMON.

We are pleased to find in both the *Boston Herald* and the *Boston Journal* of June 26th, with large illustrated pictures, a sermon by the Rev. Dillon Bronson, from the pulpit of St. Marks, Brookline, on kindness to animals, from the text, Prov. xxxi.: 8, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," and in the pulpit, to illustrate the sermon, was a big St. Bernard dog belonging to Rev. Dr. Perrin. This reminds us that when, many years ago, we were giving, on Sunday morning, an address in the Unitarian Church of Detroit, Michigan, at which, we believe, the governor and editor of the *Detroit Free Press* were present, a large, beautiful dog came up from the congregation to our side, and there stood and looked at us, in full view of the audience. We gave him a warm

welcome. At the close of the service no one could tell us to whom the dog belonged or how he happened to be there. At another time we sent some ten or twenty thousand copies of our humane publications to a great national convention of teachers at Kansas City; when the president was reading to the vast audience our letter of presentation a large, fine dog came to his side from the rear of the opera house and listened to our letter. The president assured us that no one could be found who knew to whom the dog belonged or how he happened to come, just at that time, to the side of the president. The readers of our Autobiographical Sketches will remember our address to the directors of the Royal Society at London, in which we urged the establishment of a paper in England, similar to *Our Dumb Animals* in America (which was the first of its kind in the world), and how, when the first number of that paper came to us in Paris, just as we opened its beautiful pages, a little bird came to our window and sang its song, being the first and only bird we ever saw there. And then the readers of those Sketches may also remember how, on the first day we took lodgings near the Arc de Triomphe, a white dove flew in at our window and gave us a careful inspection, much to the surprise of the French family having charge of the house. Whether these various incidents have any value except as mere happenings, we do not know, but there are certainly more mysteries in animal lives than our philosophy dreams of.

THE BEST PICTURE WE HAVE EVER SEEN OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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IMMORTALITY FOR BOTH ANIMALS AND MEN.

Even if there were no Divine revelation would not the common sense of mankind indicate (1) that the Infinite power which gives us one life can give us another if it pleases, (2) that in no other way can justice be done for sufferings inflicted and wrongs committed here, (3) and that though there are many things we cannot understand, yet the *great multitude of things which show the wisdom and power of the Almighty* would seem to clearly indicate that somewhere, sometime *what ought to be will be.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for June, 1905.
Fines and witness fees, \$63.65.

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